

Stuck in a Hard Place by ObscuredByLoss

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Billy being an ass, Billy is also confused, Homophobia, Internalized Homophobia, M/M, No rape but a definite non-con situation, Pre-Slash, Steve is Confused

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington

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Summary:

Billy confronts Steve in the locker room. It doesn't go exactly like he planned.

Stuck in a Hard Place

Billy waited until the other students had left the locker room before walking over to Harrington. Steve had been hanging back after practice the past few days. Billy wasn't sure why and he didn't really care, he just knew it gave him the perfect opportunity to harass the jock without Max or any of the other kids stepping in.

Billy smirked as he drew closer to his target.

The locker room was arranged in little half rectangles that were lined with lockers and had an uncomfortable wooden bench bolted to the center of each one. Steve had just thrown a shirt on and was scrubbing a towel through his hair trying to remove as much water as he could. Billy stood at the entrance of the alcove essentially boxing Steve in. If the boy wanted to leave, and Billy would make sure he did, he'd have to fight his way out. Billy licked at his bottom lip then smashed his fist against the cheap metal of a locker door. Steve jumped at the noise and pulled the towel off his head. That was just the reaction Billy had been hoping for and he felt a little thrill at the other boy's fear.

Steve's eyes focused on Billy the surprise melted from his face replaced by contempt but his shoulders still held their tension. All traces of fear were gone in seconds. That couldn't be right. Steve should be afraid of him. Last time they'd gone toe to toe Harrington's face had been swollen and bruised for weeks. In fact it had only just recently healed completely. Well, almost completely. There was a little raised line of white skin on his forehead, just above his eyebrow. A little something for Steve to remember him by.

"What do you want, Hargrove?"

“Just wanted to spend some time with my old pal Steve.” Billy moved forward as he spoke, crowding in on Steve and pushing further back into the bank of lockers. “What’s the matter? Worried that your little band of midgets aren’t here to protect you?”

“You leave the kids out of this. What am I saying, I don’t need to worry. We both know Max can kick your ass.”

The rage that was always bubbling under the surface of Billy’s skin exploded outward. Billy shoved at Steve’s chest pushing him further into the corner. Steve’s resolve hardened and he pushed back. Billy let out a humorless laugh, his blood singing in his veins at the challenge. He’d been dying to see Steve’s fire again. Billy fisted his hands in the other jock’s shirt and shoved his back against the lockers, hard. Steve winced as his bones connected with the unforgiving surface with a loud clash.

“Get the fuck off me, Hargrove!”

Billy ignored him and moved closer, boxing Steve and holding him firm against the lockers. Steve struggled trying in vain to dislodge himself. There was a little voice in the back of Billy’s mind egging him on to do more, go further, really hurt him where it counted. Every little reaction he wrought out of the other boy sent a surge of excitement through him. Billy lifted one of his hands, the other still holding Steve, and cupped the jock’s cheek. He pushed his fingers back into the soft, still damp hairs at the nape of his neck curling his fingers and tugging at the threads. Steve grimaced and stopped struggling. He looked at Billy with a mix of confusion and real fear. Finally.

“Your face is healing up nicely, *King Steve*.” Billy smirked. He turned to the rest of the room as if he were addressing some invisible audience. “Now how could little miss Nancy just throw away a pretty boy like you, huh?”

Steve grit his teeth in anger but kept silent, his wary eyes still locked on Billy trying to discern his next move. Billy edged in closer still. At this point his chest, a large swath of it bare because he refused to button his shirt, was pressed against the cotton covering Steve’s. Every point of contact reverberated through Billy’s body like the crash of a cymbal, loud and all-encompassing. He felt powerful, in control, but it wasn’t enough. He leaned in, Steve turned his head away in a futile attempt to recover some personal space. Billy licked at his lips holding himself a few centimeters from Steve’s ear.

“Is it because you’re a fag?” He growled. It was the worst insult he could level against the other jock, the worst possible thing in this world to be. “Did she walk in on you with a cock down your throat? That was it wasn’t it. You like having a dick shoved in your mouth, don’t you?”

Billy leaned back out looking at the other boy’s face gauging his reaction but Steve didn’t look mad, didn’t even look scared anymore, just confused. Billy felt his anger rearing its head again but he also felt panicked.

“What the fuck are you talking about?” Steve’s voice didn’t waver and he didn’t flinch in fear. Suddenly the room felt far too small to Billy and he was way too close to Steve. He could feel the heat from the other boy’s body through the cloth of his shirt and it was stifling. He took a half step back still holding onto Steve but putting space between them. He needed to get out of here now. He shoved Steve once more against the lockers.

“Fuck you, Harrington.” Billy tried to imbue as much of his rage as he could but couldn’t help feeling like he sounded more scared than anything. So much for saving face. Billy let go of Steve like he was on fire before he almost ran out of the locker room.

Steve stood there, frozen for a few more seconds leaning against the lockers. What the hell had just happened?

Author's Note:

I should definitely be packing or at least working on my other fic but I could not get this idea out of my head so here you go. I don't know if I'm going to continue this or not so I'll mark it as complete for now but I may add more in the future.